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# My Favorite Food

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One day, a girl named Maria was eating lunch at school with her friends. As they were munching away, her friends asked her about her plans for Thanksgiving.





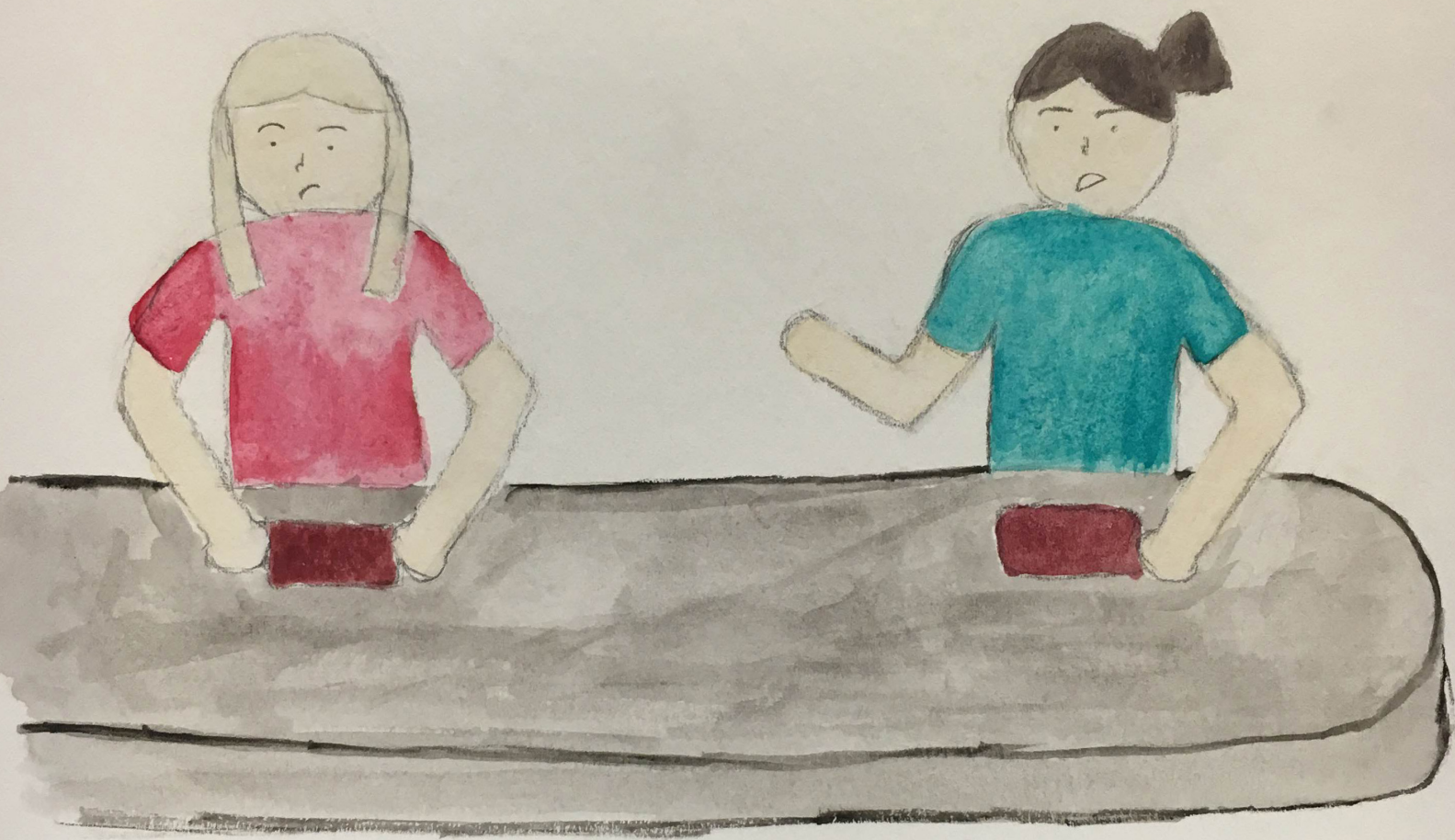
Maria smiled and replied, “My *abuelita* coming over and my mom is making tamales!”

Maria’s friends both frowned. “What are those? You’re supposed to eat turkey on Thanksgiving.”





Maria looked away, before uttering quietly,  
“But my mom always makes tamales.”



Her friends looked at each other before laughing. “But that isn’t normal Thanksgiving food,” her friends cried in unison, laughing loudly.



On Thanksgiving day, Maria helped her mom prepare the tamales for dinner, mixing the masa with less enthusiasm than normal.

“Are we having anything besides tamales for dinner?” Maria asked.



“Well, we’re having rice and beans too,” her mom replied, not looking up from her cooking.

Maria sighed loudly and exclaimed, “What about turkey? Everyone has turkey for Thanksgiving!”

Her mom just shrugged and Maria stormed off to look for her brother Salvador.





In the living room, Maria finds her brother watching TV.

“Salvador, why do we always eat different food than the kids at school?”

Salvador looked up from the TV with a confused expression, so Maria continued with a sigh.

“All my friends are eating turkey for thanksgiving, not tamales.”



Salvador laughed and exclaimed, “Maria, you love tamales! Why do you want to eat turkey instead?”

“Well, that’s what the other kids do!” Maria cried. “Why does our family always do different things than the other families?!” Still frustrated and upset, Maria stomped out of the room.





Suddenly, the doorbell rings, and in steps Abuelita, Maria's favorite grandmother. Maria hugged her grandma, exclaiming happily, "Abuelita!"



Her grandma smiled, squeezing Maria tightly. “How are you, *mi amor*?”

Maria frowned. “Bad. We’re not having turkey.”

Her grandma wrinkled her brow before asking, “Why do you want turkey?”





Maria looked at the ground before admitting, "My friends said turkey is normal Thanksgiving food, not tamales. I'm tired of always being different."

*Abuelita* sighed lightly, then smiled at Maria.

"Honey, why would you want to be like the other kids? All families eat different things on Thanksgiving. What's important about this holiday is spending time with family."



Maria paused for a moment, considering what her grandmother had said, then looked up at her thoughtfully.

“I do love tamales,” Maria whispered. Her grandma laughed, and they walked into the dining room to beginning dinner.









When it was her turn, Maria looked around the table at her smiling family and said, "I'm thankful for my big, happy family...and these tamales!"

Everyone at the table laughed joyously.







Back at school, Maria sat with her friends at school for lunch. Her friends looked at her food, and asked, “What is that? It looks weird.”

Maria shrugged and said, “I’m having tamales, my favorite food from Thanksgiving!”





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